

THE OLD WOOD STOVE
BY
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I REMEMBER WELL THE OLD WOOD STOVE.
WE DEPENDED ON IN MOTHER'S TIME,
THE WOOD WE BURNED, THE WARMTH WE HAD
IN THE USE OF CEDAR ASP AND PINE.

THIS STOVE WAS SHINY BLACK WITH NICKEL BRIGHT,
TRIMMED AROUND ABOUT IT EVERYWHERE,
IT WAS ALWAYS WARM AS WARM COULD BE,
ESPECIALLY ON THE RESERVOIR.

THAT'S WHERE I USE TO SIT WHEN I WAS YOUNG.
IT WAS SUCH A COZY SEAT,
JUST TO WARM MYSELF UP THERE WHEN I WAS COLD
AND TO DANGLE DOWN MY FEET.

THIS STOVE WAS MOST IMPORTANT IN OUR HOME,
IT KEPT US SNUG AND WARM FROM WINTER WINDS AND SNOW
AND ALL OF US WITHIN THAT HOUSE
DEPENDED ON THAT STOVE.

IT COOKED OUR MEALS, IT WARMED OUR TOES,
IT MADE IT PLEASANT ROUND ABOUT.
IT DRIED OUR CLOTHS RIGHT IN THE HOUSE,
WHEN WE COULD NOT HANG THEM OUT.

IT MELTED SNOW TO WASH OUR CLOTHS,
WHEN THAT MOUNTAIN SPRING WAS COLD AND FROZE.
THEN WE WATCHED THE WOOD DIMINISH FAST
AS MOTHER FED THE STOVE.

THE OVEN, IT WAS ALWAYS WARM,
NO JETS TO TURN NO GAS OR ELECTRICITY TO BURN.
WE STILL HAD WOOD PILED HIGH WITHIN THAT HOME.
NO WORRYING FOR JUST HOW LONG
WE COULD AFFORD TO LET IT BURN.

THOSE PINE STICKS CRACKLED AS THEY BURNED,
WITH A PLEASANT SMELL OF BURNING PINE.
AND THAT FIRE WINKED AND BLINKED AT ME
BETWEEN THOSE LIDS MY MA KEPT SHINED.

NOW THAT'S NOT ALL THAT I RECALL
OF THE THINGS THAT I MUST TELL.
THE THINGS THAT I REMEMBER MOST
WERE ALL THOSE NICE DELICIOUS SMELLS.

THE APPLE PIES AND THOSE COOKIES TOO,
AND THEN MA'S HOMEMADE BREAD,